

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

(Published Every Saturday at the Bible House, New York City)

About Folks Who Are Blind

SHE had stopped reading newspapers or magazines or books; the strain on her eyes was too great. At last she could hardly find her way about the stage. She was a lovely woman and her plays were always sweet and welcome; hundreds of thousands enjoyed her acting every year. As the light grew dimmer she went to see doctors, doctors of all kinds. In almost every city she visited she sought aid of physicians.

"Your teeth are affecting your eyes," many of them told her. In desperation she had teeth after teeth pulled. After a specially trying performance she would hurry out of the theater to the nearest dentist and have him pull one or two teeth, which she had "hurt" her. At last all her teeth were gone, but the darkness kept growing deeper. Finally she had to come to it, an operation on her eyes. When it was finished the surgeon put a bandage over them and sent her to a lightless room to wait three months for results.

"I made two prayers, over and over, during those weeks," she said. "One was that I could see when the bandage was removed; the other was that, if I couldn't see, I could find some work to do in the world, anyhow. I couldn't bear the idea of being idle in the darkness."

When the bandage was removed she found herself in utter blackness; all sight was gone.

"Bring me my clothes!" she ordered.

"What are you going to do?" asked the surgeon.

"I'm going to get out of here and go home. I'm going to get ready to go to work."

"But, my dear woman," said the surgeon, "you are blind. You are not yourself. You must let us take care of you here, for awhile, until the shock of your disappointment has passed off."

"My clothes," she ordered.

"My clothes. When my friends come they will take me to my home. I'm going to start out in the world again."

And so she left the hospital that day.

BROADWAY has its tales of men of sin and hardness, but this isn't one of them. A few days later she went to the offices of one of the great managers under whom she had played for years. He's a Christian; some day he would tell him.

"Don't worry a bit," he said to her. "I'm fixing it so that you shall draw a regular sum every week for the rest of your life."

"All right," she said. "It isn't money I want. I want work."

"Do you really mean that?" asked the producer.

"I do," she answered. "I can't think of living without working. I know it isn't worth as much as I need to live, but I must work."

"Fine!" said the producer. He pushed a button and called in one of his play editors.

"I want a play for Miss," he said. "She can't see very well. I want you to keep that in mind. But don't write a play about a blind woman; I want this play written so that Miss can be the heroine, just as if she were a seeing person."

The producer, the manager stood in the back of the theater, wide-eyed, to see the curtain go up. He was going to have tears in those eyes, in a minute, though he didn't know it.



M. C. Migel, president of the American Foundation for the Blind

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

The curtain rose; there she was, the blind woman, ready to speak her part. But the audience had to clear her first; she had been absent from the stage for over a year. The audience didn't know why she had been absent, but it was glad to see her back. She began to speak her part; she had the same tone, full voice; she was the same lovely, gentle woman. Immediately the manager knew she had succeeded. He couldn't see much better than she could when he found her in her dressing-room. His voice came so steadily as hers, by far.

"It's a success," he said. "Go ahead and work. You've got what you wanted."

She played that little play for several years in America. I won't give its name, nor hers. It's a secret that she's blind.

We're such numbskulls, we folks who can see, that we wouldn't believe a blind person could play a lovely part on the stage; we wouldn't permit a blind person to stir our hearts, as this blind woman can, if we knew the person was blind. We might not pay to go to see her.

ONE of the rich lawyers of Canada is blind. He was a school boy when he lost his sight, a happy-go-lucky boy on vacation. His pocket-knife blade snapped while he was carrying his name on an old bridge and a flying piece of steel put out the sight of one eye. He laughed his way along through another year of school, but his teachers noted that the sight of his other eye was weakening.

"That sightless eye ought to be removed," the family surgeon told the parents, when the boy came home from school. "It is affecting the other eye. It's a simple, easy operation."

The operation was done in the boy's home, in the room upstairs. Down below the mother waited for the signal to come up when the operation was finished.

"All right," the doctor called down cheerily. "We're through. He'll wait for you when he comes out from under the ether." But he didn't see her.

The mother risled up the stairs and the surgeon led her into the room. A nurse was putting a bandage on the boy's eye, as he lay still unconscious. The mother looked at the doctor, bewildered. Why were they bandaging?

"Yes, it was as careful as it could be. The bandage was on the wrong eye. The doctor had taken out the eye that had sight. The happy-go-lucky boy woke to relief, darkness. Blind for life; the surgeon went away and died a broken man, within a year."

The boy, well, an old, blind, poverty-stricken man, helped him out. He heard the terrible story all of Canada did. The folks of Canada made him a sum of thousands of dollars to give to the boy. They insisted he *must* take it, even though his parents were rich. The old blind man had only advice to give. He said to the minister where the boy lived and asked to see the mother.

"An old blind man thinks out lots of things to himself through the black years," he told the mother. "Can I tell you something that I know will help your son?"

"Send him right along into life, as if nothing had happened," he went on. "Don't let him think that being blind will make much difference. It won't make much difference, if he doesn't think so. Don't let him think that you've shaped his things of him. Keep him going. Keep him going."

Back to the same school the mother sat the boy; his brother went with him. They headed the class that year. Together, through following years, they went through the law department of a great university. Then they established a law office in a Canadian metropolis and soon became leaders at the bar. In the war the brother was killed. But the blind brother is today one of Canada's great lawyers. That maddled surgeon gave the blind folks of Canada a great, blind brother who has been of inestimable help to them.

THE other day, a holy man, Helen Keller, wrote a letter to a friend in New York City. She wrote it in a poverty, is, clearly as I am writing these words, but far more nobly.

"I am writing this letter myself," she explained, "because my secretary is having trouble with her eyes." She must have smiled just a little as she wrote it.

Helen Keller—the whole world knows about her—is totally blind; as well as deaf.

THERE you have three little stories about blind folks. And there's sunshine as well as shadow in every one of them. I could fill this copy of the Christian Herald with stories that show how bravely blind folks face the world. They all prove that you can't have shadows without sunshine.

I've struck a gold mine of stories and facts about blind folks and what they are able to do in life. I have been talking to a quiet, modest man—he asks me not to write a word about him—who is giving his life and most of his fortune to make life better for the blind.

His name is M. C. Migel. He's young, yet. When he got money enough he practically quit business. He has his office in New York, but no commercial business goes on there; it's business with and about the blind.

He sees as well as you and I do; indeed, he can talk with his eyes, as most powerful men of business prefer to do, on occasion. I couldn't find out from him how he first became interested in the blind. He laughed when I asked him and told me that when he was young he liked to take pretty girls to the Home for the Destitute Blind in New York City and have them sing.

"Possibly I wanted them to think I was a great fellow," he told me. "You see that's why I don't want anything written about it."

Well, that may all be; I can't find out the exact truth of it. I do know that, as a young man, before there was any fortune, he lived not a great distance from the Home for the Destitute Blind, in a crowded district of New York, and that he got acquainted with some of the pitiable, blind, old folks there. I do know that every Monday evening, for fifteen long years, during the time in a young man's life when every evening counts, during the years of play and wooing, during the years of lighting his way up in the world, the penniless blind folks in that Home would wait for the minute that he would come to read to them; for 780 consecutive Monday evenings through a decade and a half he never failed them once.

Frequently he brought a singer or a musician with

him. But there were hundreds of Monday evenings when he came all alone and read to the blind folks who had come to love him and his voice. I do know that now, the Home for the Destitute Blind has been moved from the crowded district of New York out onto the Grand Concourse, one of the finest boulevards in the world, into a magnificent building abounding in comforts. I don't know whose efforts moved it. I do know that out in the country where he has his summer home he has built another home where he

I am writing this message for "The Christian Herald" on my typewriter, as easily as if I could see. Blind people take great pride in the work of their hands. Through training they become amazingly skilful in the art of weaving rugs and fabrics and in the manufacture of beautiful baskets and fibre furniture. They are excellent masseurs, piano-tuners and salesmen.

Besides, blind men can operate certain machines for notching, drilling and winding wire for electric coils.

Yet there are people who still disbelieve in miracles -- miracles which would multiply day by day, week by week and month by month -- if the sighted would assist the blind, so that they might be trained in new lines of endeavor -- aiding them to independence and happiness.

HELEN KELLER

always has about thirty guests. They are blind folks; a few of them are very old; old-timers from the days when he first began to visit the Home for the Destitute; I suppose he likes to have them around to remind him of former days.

ANYHOW, however it began, Moses Migel is at it for life; at the job of making life easier for blind people in America.

And one big part of this job, just now, is not educating blind people, but educating you and me about blind people. It's we who can see who are blind on this subject. Moses Migel has done more than be

kind to the blind; he has spent years and thousands in learning about the blind and their problems. He has learned to read the hearts and minds of sightless men and women as they have learned to read their raised type.

Before America makes itself a good place for its blind citizens we who can see must realize that it is the blindness of ourselves and not the blindness of the blind that makes life difficult for the sightless.

That's one idea among many that you get in a talk with Migel.

"There has never been a time when life has been as hopeful for the blind as it is today," he told me.

"The war had something to do with this," he added. "Hundreds of women, all over the United States, expecting that the war might last a long time and that we would have many blinded young men, learned to read the Braille raised printing with their fingers. Hundreds of them refused to throw this learning away, when the war was over. They became interested in the blind and they have not lost their interest. They are spread throughout America, willing centers of interest in the blind."

THE trail of the blind, through human history, has been utterly black until very modern times. As this man tells of it, you see what a fine vision he has of better things.

"There was a time," he told me, "when to be blind meant to be a beggar; it was only by begging that the blind could eat."

No one tried to teach the blind, in centuries when not even the seeing were taught.

It was a French priest, Hany, into whose mind seems to have penetrated the first common sense that ever got into our thick human skulls about the problem of the blind. That wasn't so long ago, either. 1771, five years before the American Revolution. He saw a sight at the French fair of Sainte Ovide one September day that burned into his soul. A showman had gathered together a group of blind men. He dressed them in queer clothes and put food caps on their heads. Over their sightless eyes he placed spectacles made of cardboard. He gave them an assortment of musical instruments and stood them behind a long desk. On this desk, before each man, he placed copies of sheet music. And on the desk,

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What Radio Means to the Blind

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a policeman was patrolling his beat in the Harlem district of New York City. It was a sunshiny September afternoon and all was serene and calm and well. Suddenly, from out a tenement house, there came a cry of "Help!" "Help!" "Police!"

Rushing into the house, into a darkened hallway, the officer heard a shuffling of feet and caught a glimpse of a form behind the stairs. "Stop!" he cried. But as he went past a door shot rang out, and everything then became as black as black could be.

An excited crowd collected. Other police officers came. Then the ambulance.

They took the officer to the best hospital in the city and the best doctors took charge of the case. But alas! When at the end of the third week they started to remove the bandage from his head and informed him that he was ready to go out into the world again—well, the doctors did not have the heart to tell him, so they called in a clergyman. The shot had destroyed the sight of both eyes.

From that day until this, or until radio came into his home, this ex-policeman's contact with the outside world has been much, very much, restricted. Imagine a stalwart, active man suddenly deprived of his sight! Instead of helping children and old folks over the busy crossings, now dependent on anyone and everyone to guide him along the street; denied the pleasure of reading from newspapers and books and now forced to "see" by his fingers and ears. Haven't you a picture of him living apart in his curtained world, a prisoner in a house without windows, a victim of a desire to live as a normal man should?

Officer O'Keefe's case is similar to those of thousands of other blind folks throughout the United States—not similar as to how blindness befell them

By ALFRED M. CADDELL
(Secretary, American Radio Association)

but similar as to how it affects their lives. As a rule, however, they are an extremely happy lot. Bearing their affliction in silence—even forgetfulness—they appreciate every little courtesy and kindness bestowed upon them and exhibit a remarkable degree of

Bring Happiness to the Blind

THE Christian Herald wants to help put a radio into every home where there is a blind person who can not afford to buy a set. The utmost care will be taken to see that the sets are placed where they will be most appreciated. Don't you want to have a share in this joy-bringing work? If you do, send your gift to

Radio Fund, Christian Herald
Bible House - - - New York City

grit, the constant assertion of which strengthens and compensates them in their battle against the vagaries of a sightless life.

BUT do you happen to know anything of radio? Have you listened in on the music and speech that are being carried thither and yon by the radio waves? And has it dawned upon you what a wonderful blessing

radio would be to the blind if they could only be furnished with the "electrical ears" through which to hear this music and speech?

Our friend, the blind ex-policeman, who has a radio set and a wonderful lot of pleasure gets out of it too. He "attends" church, the ball games, every public event of importance, is right at home at club dinners, has been "round the world" on a travel tour and has acquired a storehouse of knowledge via radio. For hours at a time he sits in a comfortable arm-chair, listening to the good things in the air. Blind in sight he may be, but not blind to the possibilities that radio holds for others of the sightless world.

What a wonderful thing it would be therefore if all sightless people could be furnished with a pair of electrical ears so that they too might share in the fullness of life?

That idea was in the mind of the writer when he started organizing the American Radio Association, a national organization of listeners-in. Shortly after the ARA had gotten under way negotiations were entered into with the American Foundation for the Blind, the national inclusive organization of various associations and institutions that care for the blind throughout the United States, and the two organizations have enlisted the cooperation of the Christian Herald to bring about this most desired result. "Let the sighted help the sightless enjoy life; via radio" might be the slogan for an appeal for a radio for every blind person who can not buy it for himself.

"No one but a blind person can tell what radio means to the Blind," says Robert L. Irwin, blind, but a research worker and educator of the blind. "The appreciation that rises within a sightless person when radio brushes the limitations of his own little world away is beyond the power of words

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An Ancient Investment in Modern Use

Why Annuities Have Survived as a Form of Security

ACCORDING to the best authorities, Annuities probably are as old as Assyrian and Babylonian times, when great banking houses issued this form of security.

They continue to be an important form of investment in these modern times.

For at least a half-century the American Bible Society has issued bonds of this nature.

It is quite apparent from the age of this form of investment that it must have many good reasons to commend itself to the public.

It is safe. Safety is perhaps the first requirement of Investments made with a view to regular income. The methods of handling the Annuity Funds, State Law regulating these matters, the nature of the investment behind them, all unite to make the Annuity Bond of the American Bible Society as safe as that of any other security.

It is permanent. Unlike ordinary bonds, mortgages, and other forms of investment, it does not require reinvestment every few years, with risk of being obliged to accept a smaller return on money invested and to pay large commissions.

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It removes burdens. All burden involved in the care of property in old age and of uncertainty as to the variations in the earnings of investments, together with the temptation to spend or invest money unwisely, are entirely removed.

It makes one his own executor. Annuity bonds enable people to give in their lifetime what otherwise they might not be able to give until their death. One is not deprived of the income on the gift during his lifetime.

It has certain tax-exempt features. The Annuity Bond is not subject to the federal income tax.

Besides all these investment advantages it helps in the translation of the Bible into the many languages and dialects of the world and in the various systems for the blind.

It will be to your advantage to familiarize yourself with this ancient and present day form of investment. Full information will be sent you without expense or obligation on your part, if you will fill in and mail the coupon below.

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Airedale and Anarchist

A Little Account of a Dog, His Chauffeur and His Limousine

By LAURENCE DAVIS

and done! Over and over he needs must vociferate his deathless love and loyalty, in spasmodic leavings and pawings.

"Looks all in—eh?" the chauffeur's voice was amazingly cordial. "Guess you got yours all right this time, Scotty!" And Scotty showed his perfect comprehension of the slang by brief upward glances of blissful content and adoration. Spent and half-finished though he was, he uncurred to lavish

CERTAINLY the weather of that October afternoon was as "moist and unpleasant" as that which aroused the ire of the fastidious Mantalini of Dickens' facile pen.

The trolley schedule being temporarily suspended, I found leisure to study the crowd pressing near me in the square—particularly a chauffeur who sat glowering and surly in a luxurious limousine drawn close to the curb.

"Nasty weather—" I ventured, ennobled by a sociological impulse to fraternize with the proletariat at close range. He was not an ill-favored youth; but for his mood, he might easily be described as passably good-looking.

"You said it," he muttered, vindictively. "All the same, I gotta hang around here, morning and afternoon—jest for a dog."

"A dog!" I echoed, incredulously. "Lost; and the missus figures he's like to turn up if I stalls around somewhere near where he disappeared—or was pinched, likely. Well, orders is orders."

He cast keen seowling glances all about, as he spoke.

"Lucky dog," I observed, "a whole limousine to himself! He'll be back, never fear." The man whistled sharply after a lank, wire-haired animal dodging about the throng, then with a shrug of futility settled down again.

"Lucky!" he retorted, "Scotty's lucky all right; three years now I've driven him, with the folks. And you should see the cushions of his crib, and the swell eats he gets! I tell the world it's a crime, when they's human beings outa work."

Ha! A Bolshevik in our midst! And perhaps my opportunity to do my meagre bit toward stemming the tide of anarchistic unrest!

"Blame it on the System, my good fellow," I remonstrated, more in sorrow than in anger. "No doubt Scotty himself would gladly prefer a shorter life and a merrier one; cheerfully exchange his gilded cage to be a regular dog on the road for one perfect day, retrieving stray bones and alley eats, untrammelled by silken beds and limousines, and all the artificialities of modern—"

"Naw—nothin' to it!" the fellow's jaw set decisively. "Scotty ain't like that; he'd die away from the family. But where's the justice, I'm sayin', of him costin' so much, an' bein' doted up in winter togs an' silver collar, 'n everything? I tell you we gotta rise; they's a big bump comin'; we gotta do somethin'."

"Valuable?" I queried.

"Well, it ain't that so much. You see the children are crazy about him; so's the missus. No, it's just the idea of a purp putting it over like that. A whole week runnin'—" he muttered, darkly, "hangin' around for a good-for nothin', non-producin', non-essential—Hi, there! Scotty—Scotty—" With a piercing whistle he waved excitedly at a woe-begone, dejected figure, pausing irresolute across the glistening square. I followed his gaze; of course it was Scotty! Simply anybody could have told it was Scotty!

OH, the heart-breaking pathos, the tragic, agonized appeal of the lost dog! For a moment the gaunt, collarless figure stood stiffly alert, ears cocked, his angular body vibrating between heavenly hope and piteous, abysmal despair, as he stared imploringly in the direction whence came the familiar call. Then with one tremendous leap, he advanced, catapulting everything in his path, as he descended upon us like a brown-and-black whirlwind.

"Down, Scotty! Hi—mind my goggles, will you? There, that's about all fer now, I guess!" The man cleared his throat, and grinned good-humoredly and a trifle sheepishly, as he bestowed awkward, reassuring pats on the rough, quivering head. As for myself, I found my eyes moist with tears.

But Scotty would not down. All the patrician past, all the atavism of aristocratic lineage fled to the winds; there remained only the naked, primitive passion of gratitude and immeasurable relief from anguishes and perils past

sundry little private kisses on the Bolshevik's cheek, ere he snuggled limply back to his place.

"Guess your dope was right; 'taint just folks—no, nor dogs neither; they can't understand—" the man's voice trailed away as he stooped to set the motor to purring gently at prospect of the homeward run.

"Quite so," I assented heartily; "I fancy the family will be mighty pleased that you waited—to say nothing of Scotty."

As the handsome car slowly turned around, I caught him right in the act of bestowing surreptitious little pats upon the Airedale's wiry fur.

And Scotty? He laid his head along his outstretched paws, and grinned.

About Folks Who Are Blind

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before each man, a caudal flame flattered in the dazzling autumn sunshine. The crowd roared with delight as the blind men gave a burlesque of an orchestra.

But those blind men and that showman were doing something more than make merriment for a half-drunken holiday crowd; their music broke down the gates of pity for the blind in all the courts of Europe. Before many years had passed Haüy stood before kings and emperors and showed them how he had been able to teach the blind to read by means of raised type; into their courts he took his blind pupils and amazed the powerful royalty of Europe with what he had done. That the blind should read was almost as marvellous, then, as that the blind should see.

Many and France; put it down to them that the blind today may have all the education that those with sight may have.

Finding a place in the world's work for the blind was also a part of this good Abbé's vision; indeed, he saw many years ahead of his own time. If he had had his way the blind would have perhaps received more vocational training in his time than even our seeing children do today.

AND now we have come along this trail today.

We are kind to our blind in America today. That seems to be our present stage. Many of the States of the Union stand ready, by law, to give pensions to the blind. In many cities every blind person can find refuge for life in some institution. There are some splendid schools for the blind. A blind person, in America, has far less chance of going roofless and foodless than a seeing one. Blindness no longer means begging. Indeed, there are associations of the blind in our country who ask us not to give money to blind beggars for the reason that America is kind to the blind in affording them financial protection and that mendicancy degrades the blind, as a class.

But we have come to the place in America, where it is time to pass beyond the stage of mere kindness. The next step is to help the blind take part in the world's work and support themselves.

In order to do this you and I, everybody in America, must be educated into knowing that the blind can support themselves and keep their self-respect if they are only given the chance.

One of the big jobs that Mr. Migel is helping to do with his time and his

money, is to educate you and me about the blind.

This is being done through a new organization known as the American Foundation for the Blind.

A blind man, through the eyes of his brain—he is Henry Randolph Latimer, Ph.D., of Pennsylvania—first saw the need for this Foundation. A nation-wide organization for doing scientific and nationwide work among the blind and among organizations caring for the blind was what he dreamed for the 100,000 blind of America. He saw the need of a central body for advising all helpers of the blind, for guiding lawmakers in their efforts to help the blind and for giving information and assistance to the many movements, societies, organizations and Government and State educational officials who deal with the blind.

He wanted all of America to work together wisely, through this central body, to help the blind help themselves. He wanted this body to last forever and to be rich and strong.

AFTER he had dreamed his dream and laid his plan Mr. Migel made its establishment possible; today Mr. Migel is president of the American Foundation for the Blind; Mr. Latimer is a trustee.

Plenty of duties this foundation will have. Many of them are of peculiar interest to the blind.

But at least two of them are of interest. Mr. Migel tells me, not so much to the blind as to you and me, who can see. One of these duties—and Mr. Migel has it in hand—is to gather several millions of dollars and invest them so that the American Foundation for the Blind will stand like a Gibraltar through the years.

The other is to teach American men and women, American employers—all Americans—that the blind are not helpless but that they can be taught to support themselves in many lines of industry.

One of the first things the Foundation plans to do is to start a movement whereby every blind man, woman or child in America, who cannot afford it, will be furnished a radio outfit.

It was a miracle to heal the blind, so that they could go about through the world; it is almost a miracle to bring the world to them through the radio.

I wouldn't be surprised if some hundreds of Americans were shortly asked to give financial help to The American Foundation for the Blind.

And before long there may be a Blind Week celebration in your town, just to educate you.

What Radio Means to the Blind

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to tell. No greater boon to the blind was ever ushered into the world. The system of reading by raised dots did a lot for those who cannot see but there is not the interest nor the pleasure attached to this as compared to radio. Moreover, radio breaks down the barrier that heretofore has separated the sighted from the unsighted world—a blind person can participate in radio

and get as much out of it as a sighted person. They can sit at home and tune in on good concerts, lectures and all the other fine things on the air. In the past, time has weighed heavily on their shoulders. They have become clammy and broody, and have depended on sighted folk to read to them and take them about to places of instruction and entertainment. Not that the sighted people have withheld kind-

nesses to the blind no, hardly that. But the blind themselves have felt their dependency and it has, in a great many instances, hurt them.

"Self-pity is an influence that consumes and diverts the vitality of a man, and unless guarded against will ruin any one, be he sighted or sightless. Therefore we endeavor to counteract this influence by every means of which we know. Work is the principal factor something that permits a man to accomplish something he can refer to with pride and say: 'This is my own.' However, the word 'work' covers a multitude of activities, which vary all the way from making odds and ends at a workbench to conducting one's own business. Indeed, some of the most successful men in the world today are sightless people. Ex-Senator Gore of Oklahoma, Dr. Babcock of Chicago, Charles W. Lindsay, president of the Lindsay Piano Company of Montreal, and Gustav Dalen, inventor of the world-famed automatic lighthouses, who in 1912 was awarded the Nobel prize in physics. And they all owe their success in life by refusing to listen to self-pity and directing their energies in constructive channels.

"Education and entertainment naturally fit into blind people's lives to a large degree. As a rule, blind folks are lovers of good music and are creators of good music themselves. Depending as they do to a large extent on their sense of hearing, they acquire a very acute ear and are able to distinguish very critically the musical tones. And inasmuch as radio appeals almost wholly to the auditory sense, it fits into the lives of the blind as nothing else could possibly do.

"There are about 80,000 blind people in the United States today. Many of these, owing to their helplessness, are obliged to live in institutions. The majority, of course, live with relatives, but in many cases it has become a pronounced burden upon the sighted members of the household to furnish sufficient entertainment to keep the blind folks' spirits up. What a blessing therefore, radio can really become, not only to the blind themselves but to the ones with whom they live!"

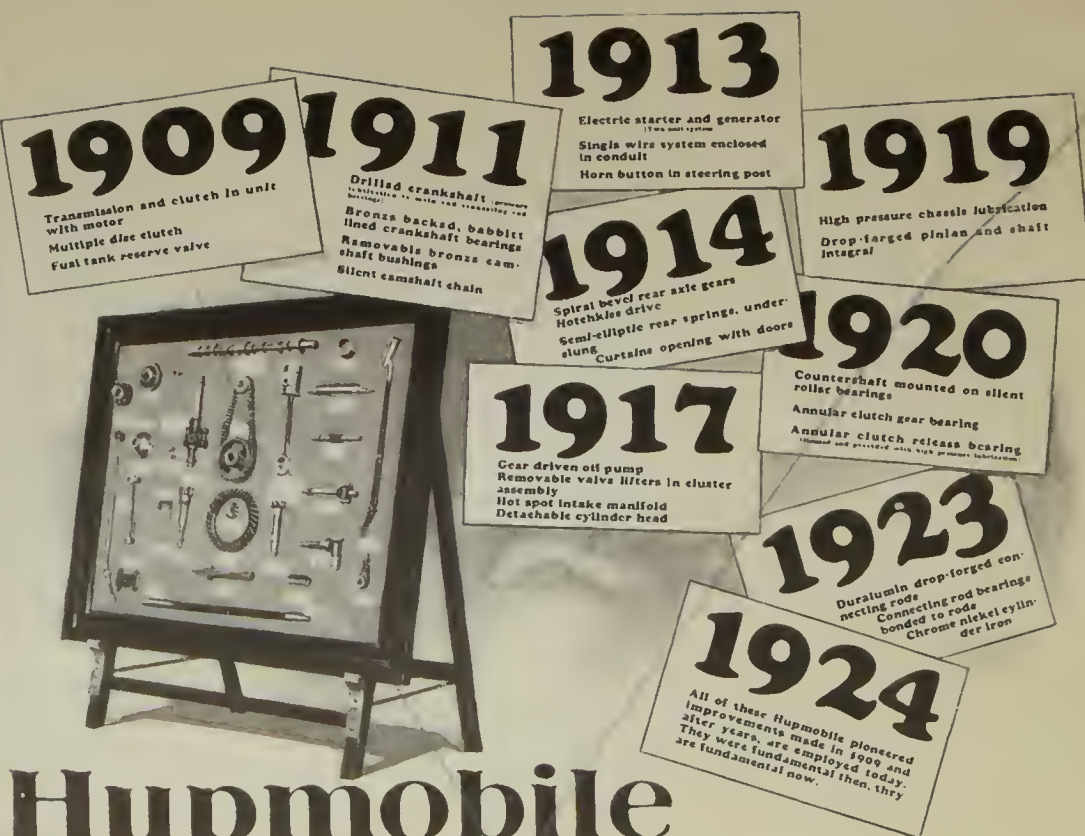
The Human-Divine Church

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a building having for its corner-stone Christ Jesus. It will be a failure if He is not made the head of it. It will not prevail against the powers of death, unless it lives in the power of Him who came to bring life and immortality to light.

IN THE supreme wisdom of the Redeemer of the world, Jesus laid down no rules or regulations for the carrying on of a Church. There is no prescribed method or rigid outline for the program of a Church. The whole program is left to the human membership of the Church to make and carry out. Exactly what uses will be made of this new building no one would dare say that it would be orthodox or proper, if Jesus were referred to as authority, inasmuch as He said not one word about what program a church should follow. But if the building shall stand through the years as a building consecrated in Jesus' Name to all those forces that make for life as opposed to death, then we may feel certain that it is justifying the name of "church" as Jesus used it in His statement to Peter.

Within its walls may be spoken and done all those words and deeds that honor the Name and life of the One matchless Person of the world. Around it as a center of influence may flow out into the city and the state and the world all those influences that make a better world, always and ever like a halo that no architect can plan and no builder can erect. The Presence of the Christ of history within the walls, and His Person always visible to the eye of the soul, to remind us imperfect members of the Church that it is His Church, and nothing will ever be done here that will deny His one great desire for it, that within His Church there will be found to the end of time and in the crowning of victory for the redeemed, the forces of life, as opposed to death; for on this humanity, on this Peter, He will make it His Church, against which the gates of death shall not prevail.



Hupmobile Pioneer of an Industry

Justly celebrated in song and story is the pioneer.

Strength, trustworthiness, reliability, progressiveness, soundness—these are his attributes.

Whether you are looking for such qualities in men, or in motor cars, you will always find them at the height of their development in those who had the courage and keen foresight to lead the way.

Any automobile manufacturer, any long-experienced garage mechanic, will tell you that Hupmobile has always been in the lead of progressive engineering.

Improvements Fundamental

Make no mistake—what is meant is something far more sound and important than the addition of every new, untried idea as a mere sales expedient.

What is meant is the development or adoption of fundamental improvements in motor car practice, which actually do better performance and economy.

To some of these developments, many cars costing about the same, or more, than Hupmobile, are just now coming.

Record of Progress

Note the year by year progress of Hupmobile.

It is a fact that some cars are still depending upon the splash of the crankshaft in the crank-case to lubricate its own bearings and other vital motor parts. Hupmobile began drilling its crankshaft for positive, efficient lubrication, thirteen years ago.

In 1911 Hupmobile developed its long stroke motor, its silent chain gear drive, and adopted its two unit starting and generator system. Compare these features with the kind of construction you will find on some cars at the present day.

Improvements Accepted

As far back as 1909, Hupmobile began using the multiple disc clutch; and fitted its gasoline tank with a fuel reserve. These were desirable then—they are equally desirable now. Yet even today you will look for them in vain in many cars.

Hupmobile was the first car to adopt high pressure chassis lubrication, so important in reduction of wear. It was among the first to mount the countershaft of the motor on silent roller bearings; to use an annular clutch gear bearing, and an annu-

lar clutch release bearing; to adopt duralumin drop-forged connecting rods; to adopt a straight line propeller drive.

It is significant that all these and many other engineering improvements pioneered by Hupmobile, are everywhere accepted as the best practice.

Some cars, because of cheaper construction, have not adopted them. Others have clung to old-fashioned engineering because of factory problems.

The point isn't simply that you obtain these improvements in Hupmobile and do not obtain them in other motor cars. It isn't even the fact that you may logically expect the Hupmobile to be, as it is, the last word in really sound motor car engineering.

15 Years' Leadership

Much more important than these is the fact that the Hupmobile brings to its owners the sturdy self-reliance and great economy which has been developed through 15 years of engineering leadership.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan